

[Uncle Ruckus from Boondocks]

Praise be the white God and his son, white Jesus~!
I'm on a mission from God
Contagious with the holy spirit of our caucasian savior
Now let me share his words wit'cha
"Come, child of God! Come!"

[Paris]

It's like the blind to the blind leading blind around
Put'cha faith in a spook God, how that sound?
Put'cha faith to the most and an unseen ghost
That they say full of love but we come up sho't
Now what I wanna know is where Jesus at
When the wars rage on and the po-lice clap
When the crime rate risin black on black
And the water from Katrina wash away your fam
It's like a, cruel joke that's played a lot
On the people that rely on they faith a lot
On the people that obey and respect a book
That was written by man to control the flock
Now tell me, how any God is just
To allow such misery and pain in us
To allow all the war sufferin and such
And to allow the President to remain untouched

[Hook: repeat 2X]

No different than the pimp game
Give you somethin to believe in
Give ya money to the preacher man
Take me a little higher, higher, higher

[Paris]

Pa** the plate around, put it on the buildin fund
While the priest get drunk and molest ya son
Such grief, no peace from the HIV
Thank god that he killin off the fags and fiends
But I guess the Lord works in mysterious ways
That's why it's okay for them to own the slaves
And civilize savages, praise his name
Take land, split the family up and sell off babies
What I'm sayin, it's kinda f**ked up to trip

That the sh*t you believe might not exist
Somethin like a unicorn man, it's on the list
With Big Foot, Mickey Mouse, Santa Claus and myths
And sh*t some might say "they's blas-phem-ous"
When I question the plague in Af-ri-ca
When I question the way your Jesus looks
And the way it affects all the minds of us, I'm sayin

[Hook]

[Paris]

Now look here, it's about that time again
When the corporations say spend and spend
On the trees and the gifts and the travellin
Kam told y'all the holidays are not ya friend
And when everybody floss, you can get it at Ross
And the midnight sales make 'em smile at Zales
What the hell~! They'll sell y'all the whole damn earth
Everything at the mall celebratin his birth
From a virgin, a perp couldn't make that up
If you believe that I got a bridge ready to dump
While your broke a** givin up the cash, fo' what?
They say the faith kicks in when the facts can not
And it make me wanna holla, Benny Hinn's the man
Like Creflo Dollar, that's Big Pimp-in
F**k rap, I could lead you from a life of sin
Sh*t next Sunday, we do it all again

[Hook]

[Paris]

Now I know some of y'all get mad at songs
So get your gay senator to pa** a law
Get the free speech out the way once and for all
Tap his motherf**kin shoes in a bathroom stall
Greenbacks, no tax is the golden rule
Anything they can do to keep y'all some fools
Don't mean to offend but that's okay too
Long as y'all recognize and explore the truth
Because it .. ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop~!

[Hook] - 2X

"God bless us all" (*3X*)